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The Spring of Life is Past.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The spring of life is past,
With all its hopes and fears,
And the autumn time is coming,
With its weight of weary years;
Our joyousness is fading,
Our hearts are dimmed with care,
And youth's fresh dreams of gladness
Lie buried darkly there.

While bliss was blooming near us,
In the heart's first burst of spring,
While many hopes could cheer us,
Life seemed a glorious thing;
Like a foam upon the river,
When the breeze goes rippling o'er,
These hopes have fled forever,
To come to us no more.

'Tis sad, yet sweet to listen,
To the soft wind's gentle swell,
And think we hear the music
Of childhood loved so well;
To gaze out on the even,
And the boundless fields of air,
And we feel again our boyhood's wish,
To roam, like angels, there.

There are many dreams of gladness,
That cling around the past,
And from that tomb of feeling,
Old thoughts come thronging fast;
The forms we loved so dearly,
In the happy days now gone,
The beautiful and lovely,
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and gentle maidens,
Who seemed so formed for bliss,
Too glorious and too heavenly,
For such a world as this;
Whose soft dark eyes seemed swimming
In a sea of liquid light,
And whose locks of gold were streaming,
O'er brows so sunny bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine,
In the spring time of the year,
Like the fragrant gleams of April,
They followed every tear;
They have passed, like hope, away,
All their loveliness has fled,
Oh! many a heart is mourning,
That they are with the dead.

Like the brightest buds of summer,
They have fallen from the stem,
Yet, oh, it is a lively death,
To fade from earth like them;
And yet the thought is saddening,
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the beautiful
Are passing fast away;

That the fair ones whom we love,
Like the tendrils of a vine,
Grow closely to each loving heart,
Then perish on their shrine,
And can we but think of those,
In the calm and gentle summer,
When the trees are waving o'er us,
And the flowers are blossoming,
For we know that winter's coming,
With his cold and stormy sky,
And the glorious beauty round us,
Is blooming but to die!

Early Training.

In the case heard before Judge Kane, of the United States District Court, on Friday last, in which the captain and two of the seamen were the opposing parties, there was an incident in the hearing of the case which excited a feeling of filial affection in the heart of every one present, and proved that the early culture of the moral principle by a mother in the habits of her offspring is never lost upon the recipient.

A small lad was called on the stand to testify in the case. He had a hand on board the barque Conrod while at Pernambuco, and was present during the controversy between the captain and the crew. The shaggy appearance of his head, and the bronzed character of his face and neck from exposure to a southern sun, at first sight would seem to indicate carelessness and neglect; but underneath that long and matted hair the fire of intelligence gleamed from a pair of small and restless eyes which could not be mistaken. The counsel for the captain, from the extreme youth of the lad, doubted whether he understood the obligation of the oath he was about to take, and with a view to test his knowledge, asked leave to interrogate him. This was granted, and the following colloquy took place:

Counsel:—My lad, do you understand the obligation of an oath?

Boy:—Yes sir, I do.

Counsel:—What is that obligation?

Boy:—To speak the truth, and keep nothing hid.

Counsel:—Where did you learn this, my lad?

Boy:—From my mother, sir, replied the lad, with a look of pride, which showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence. How truly has it been said, "that bread cast upon the waters will return after many days!"

This answer caused a thrill of joy to animate the bosom of the auditor, and every face was lighted up with satisfaction. The lad was instantly admitted to testify.

The best reason that a merchant can give for not advertising, is, that by refusing to let people know that he has goods to sell, he is not subjected to the expense of employing clerks to assist in selling them.

Obedying Orders.

The "oldest inhabitant" perfectly recollects the Widow Trotter, who used, many years ago, to occupy a small wooden house away down in Hanover street, in somewhat close proximity to Salutation alley. Well, this widow was blessed with a son, who, like Goldsmith, and many other men, distinguished in after life, was the dunce of his class. Numerous were the floggings his stupidity brought upon him, and the road to knowledge was with him truly a "vale of tears."

One day he came home as usual, with red eyes and hands.

"Oh, you blockhead!" screamed his mother—she was a bit of a virago, Mrs. Trotter was—"you've been getting another licking, I know."

"O, yes," replied young Mr. Trotter, "that's one of my regular exercises—licking me. After I've licked Trotter," says the master, "I'll hear the arithmetic class." But, mother, to change the subject, as the jail bird said, when he found the jug was getting personal, is there any arrangement I can do for you?"

"Yes," grumbled the Widow, "only you are so eternal slow about anything you undertake—so, get a pitcher of water, and be four years about it, will ye?"

Bob Trotter took the pitcher, and wended his way in the direction of the street pump; but he had not got far, when he encountered his friend, Joe Blake, the mute of a vessel, issuing from his house, and dragging a heavy sea chest after him.

"Come, Bob," said Joe, "bear a hand, and help me down to Long Wharf with this."

"Well, so I would," said Bob, "only you see mother has sent me after a pitcher of water."

"What do you care for that? Come on," "Well," said Bob, "first let me hide the pitcher where I can find it again."

With these words he stowed away his earthen ware under a flight of stone steps, and accompanied his friend on board the ship. The pilot was urging the captain to cast off and take advantage of the wind and tide, but the captain was waiting the arrival of a boy who had shipped the day before, and wishing no good to his eyes for the delay he had occasioned. At last he turned to Bob and said:

"What do you say, youngster, to shipping with me? I'll treat you well, and give you ten dollars a month."

"Should like to go," said Bob, hesitatingly, "but my mother—"

"She'll be glad to get rid of you. What do you say to going?"

"I haven't got no clothes."

"Here's a chest full. The other chap was just your size, and they'll fit you to a T."

"I'll go."

"Cut off that hair! It'll show the tide and was soon standing down the bay, with a fair wind, and every stitch of canvas set. She was bound for the Northwest wind, Canton and back again, which was then called the double voyage, and usually occupied about four years.

In the meanwhile, the non-appearance of Bob seriously alarmed his mother. A night passed, and the town crier was called into requisition a week, when she gave him up, had a note read for her in meeting, and went into mourning.

Just four years after the above occurrence, the ship got back to port, and Bob and his friend were paid off. The wages of the widow's son amounted to just four hundred and eighty dollars, and he found, on squaring his account with the captain, that his advances had amounted to the odd tens, and four hundred dollars clear were the fruit of his cruise.

As he walked in the direction of his mother's house, in company with Joe, he scanned, with a curious eye, the houses, the shops, and the people that passed. "Nothing appeared changed; the same signs indicated an unchanging hospitality on the part of the same landlords, the same loafers were standing at the same corners—it seemed as if he had been gone only a day. With the old sights and sounds Bob's old feelings revived, and he almost dreaded to see doubting from some alley, a detachment of boys, sent by his ancient enemy, the schoolmaster, to know why he had been playing truant, and to carry him back, to receive the customary whalloping. When he was quite near home he halted:

"Joe, I wonder if anybody's found that old pitcher?"

He stooped down, and thrust his arm under the stone steps, and withdrew the identical piece of earthenware he had deposited there just four years before. Having rinsed and filled it at the pump, he walked into his mother's house, and found her seated in her accustomed arm-chair. She looked at him for a moment, recognized him, shrieked with joy, and exclaimed:

"Why Robert! where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"Getting that pitcher of water," answered Bob, setting it on the table; "I always obey orders—my mother told me to be four years about it, and I was."

Women and Dancing.

The following humorous yarn was spun by Lever, the facetious author of Charles O'Malley. The Bloomers may take a hint from it, and partly on their account we give the extract a place:

"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Dr. Growling; "they are immensely fond of salutation motion. I remember once in my life I used to flirt with one who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and confided to me she had no stockings to appear in, and without their presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint for you to buy the stockings," said Dick.

"No, you're out," said Growling. "She knew that I was as poor as herself, but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she formed for going to the ball in proper twig. Now what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Out again sir—you'd never guess it; and only a woman could have hit upon the expedient. It was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed painting her legs!"

"Painting her legs?" they all exclaimed.

"Fret sir," said the Doctor, "and she relied upon me for telling her if the cheat was successful."

"And was it?" asked Duff.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom. I complied on one condition, namely—that I should be the painter."

"Oh, you rascal!" said Dick.

"A capital bargain," said Duff.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the doctor. "I got some rose pink, accordingly, and I defy all the hoisers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jenny; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?" inquired Duff.

"So completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them. So you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jenny! she was a merry mix-up by the by, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. 'Jenny,' said I, 'for fear your stockings should fall down when you are dancing, hadn't you better let me paint you a pair of garters on them?'"

"I'll go."

"So we thought. Look at your mother's hands. Ain't you ashamed to let that old lady kill herself outright, while you do nothing from daylight to dark, but keep the dust from your face and the flies from your hands? What are you good for? Will a man of common sense marry you for your delicate hands? A person who is a real man would prefer to see them blackened occasionally by coming in contact with hot pots and trammels, and calloused by a day or two's rubbing at the washboard. Pretty fingers indeed! what are they for but to move over the piano, or to stick through gold rings! Like many of the vain things of the earth, they are kept for show and nothing more. For our part we would rather see them out in actual service and as tough as a conque's conscience than so tender that a fly's foot will make an impression upon them."

Excellent.
The Democratic judicial convention of Pennsylvania, has issued an address to the Democracy of that noble State. After giving a brief biography of the candidates put in nomination by them for the Supreme Bench, the address closes with the following sensible appeal to the Democracy of the old Keystone.

It will be interesting to behold Pennsylvania and Ohio wheeling together into the old democratic line this fall:

"We urge you, therefore, to come forth to the polls. Let no man absent himself. Let every true democrat be sure that he votes the whole democratic ticket without alteration or change, and a glorious triumph awaits us. We charge you in conclusion, to remember that the Democracy of Pennsylvania and the Union expect every man to long to them, to do his duty upon the present occasion, in sustaining the party and its nominees."

Just let the Democracy of Ohio take the foregoing to themselves, and Whiggery will receive a San Jacinto overthrow next October. So much it bids—*Stark County Democrat.*

A Child Sentenced to the Gallows.
On Friday, a boy but eleven years of age, was convicted in Baltimore City Court, of murder in the first degree. The murder was one of intent, and not the result of an accidental blow and the jury, with the evidence of a clear intent to kill could not do otherwise than convict him capitally. The prisoner, George Long, who killed the little boy, George Rump, his junior by some two years, did not seem to know what was going on around him, but amused himself during the trial, catching flies and scratching his head, and sometimes falling off into a doze; with his head leaning against the bar. He seemed to think the trial a very dull affair, and did not seem to understand the effect of the verdict. The jury and Attorney General, joined in a recommendation to the Governor to commute his sentence to imprisonment for life—all agreeing that he should be put out of the way at an opportunity of again exercising his bloody propensities.

CLIPPINGS.

—Beauty is the flowering of virtue.

—Love is our highest word, and the synonyme of God.

—The faculty of genius is the power of lighting its own fire.

—Picture and sculpture are celebration and festivities of form.

—Life is a morsel of frankincense, burning in the hall of eternity.

—Pride desires not to be due, and self-love desires not to pay.

—We find few people of good sense, except those of our own opinions.

—The only people who have a moment to spare are those who never idle.

—Scolding is the pepper of matrimony—the ladies are the pepper-boxes.

—The poet sings of the deeds that shall be. He imagines the past; he forms the future.

—Why must your nose necessarily be in the middle of your face? Because it is the center?

—A newspaper is like a stage coach. Its best articles are put inside, and it can't get along without its leaders.

—It is said that the Bloomer movement is helped along mostly by those ladies who are painting for excitement.

—Sir Edward Bulwer's much talked of play, "Not so Bad as we Seem," is not so Good as we Expected.

—Mrs. Partington says the mahometer yesterday, for some hours, was ninety degrees above Nero.

—All that we see of the universe is a spot imperceptibly small in the ample bosom of nature.

—The philosophy of a thousand years has not explored the chambers and magazines of the soul.

—At a late horse race in England 33 horses were entered. One man lost \$400,000 on a single bet.

—It is not our criminal actions that require courage to confess, but those which are ridiculous and foolish.

—We would gain more if we left ourselves to appear such as we are, than by attempting to appear what we are not.

—To peep into your neighbor's basket to see what he will have for dinner, is said to be the height of impudence.

—Broken hearts are easily mended with silver. There have been a number of cases healed that way lately.

—The loss of a friend is like the loss of a limb, time may heal the anguish of the wound but the loss can never be repaired.

—A Yankee of our acquaintance says that prejudice against color is very natural, and yet the prettiest girl he ever knew was Olive Brown.

—Bashfulness is more frequently connected with good sense than we find assurance and impudence, on the other hand, is often the effect of downright stupidity.

Grammarians.

The Boston Transcript publishes "a conversation between a young lady, who writes for the magazines, and an old gentleman who can speak English."

Old Gentleman:—"Are there any houses building in your village?"

Young Lady:—"No sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the carpenters who are building."

Old Gentleman:—"True; I sit corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from being built; and how long has Mr. Smith's house been being built?"

Young Lady:—"Looks puzzled a moment, and then answered rather abruptly: 'Nearly a year.'"

Old Gentleman:—"How much longer do you think it will be being built?"

Young Lady:—"Explosively: 'I don't know.'"

Old Gentleman:—"I should think that Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being so long being built, for the house he now occupies being old, he must leave it, and the new one being only being built, instead of being built as he expected, he cannot!"

The young lady leaves the room very suddenly.

How Mr. Vinton voted on the Bounty Land Bill.

We clip the following communication from the Circleville Watchman, showing the hostility of Mr. Vinton to the bill for giving a bounty in land to the old soldiers and to their widows and orphans. Mr. Vinton's position as a whig candidate for Governor of Ohio is one of great prominence, and his views, principles and public acts should be strictly scrutinized. Mr. Vinton was an opposer of the war with Mexico—a war involving as profound causes of grievance toward Mexico as our last war with Great Britain—and it is natural that he should be opposed to such substantial expressions of gratitude as the giving of homes to the soldiers, or heirs of soldiers who fell in either of them. It is natural—quite natural, that a man who acted out the hostility to the Bounty Land Bill which Mr. Vinton did, should receive a whig nomination for a high office.

But read the following from the Circleville Watchman:

SAMUEL F. VINTON OF THE "BOUNTY LAND BILL."—Mr. Editor: The Sanhedrim of whiggery having nominated Mr. Vinton as the candidate of that party for the office of Governor, it behooves the voters of Ohio before casting their votes, to inquire into the opinions, and official conduct of Mr. Vinton, as exhibited by the records of Congress.

The whig convention that nominated Mr. Vinton, having forgotten their "war, famine and pestilence" honor of military chiefs, and having nominated Gen. Scott as their candidate for the Presidency, for the purpose of bringing the old soldiers and their friends to the support of the whig party, I propose testing by the records, Mr. Vinton's feelings and sentiments, towards the old soldiers, their widows and orphans, as indicated by his remarks and votes upon the "Bounty Land Bill."

Mr. Vinton first manifested his hostility to the old soldiers by opposing the motion to make the bounty land bill a special order. See House Journal, 1st session, last Congress, page 553. Mr. Vinton next opposed the bill by speaking against it in committee of the whole House. See Congressional Globe, vol. 21, part second, page 1247—same vol. page 1267. Mr. Gorman remarked that the gentleman from Ohio, (Mr. Vinton) is too candid a man to rise in his place and say, that by voting for these amendments, he did not deliberately intend to oppose and defeat the bill. Mr. Vinton said, "if the gentleman will permit me I will state my motives. The bill entirely destroys our land system—I therefore oppose it!"

Any one that will take the trouble to examine the Journal of the House, as well as the Congressional Globe, will find that Mr. Vinton opposed this bill, giving bounty lands to the old soldiers, their widows and orphans, in every stage of its progress through the House to vote against it.

Let not, therefore, the old soldiers and their friends, be beguiled into voting for the whig party, in consequence of their nomination of Gen. Scott; for in Mr. Vinton, the standard bearer of that party in Ohio, and the standard bearer of the bounty land bill, they will discover the true feelings and sentiments of the leaders of the whig party towards the brave defenders of our country and our country's honor.

Does the Moon influence the Weather?

From remote ages, a traditional opinion has prevailed among all nations, that the moon influenced the weather. A few years ago, the French astronomers reported against this opinion as a fallacy, and the question was thought to be settled, but in the July number of the American Journal of Science, and Arts, Mr. J. W. Alexander contributes a short article on meteorological coincidences, in which he states as the result of a long continued series of observations, "that the third day before the new moon regulated the weather on each quarter-day of that lunation and also characterized the general aspect of the whole period. Thus, if the new moon happened on the 25th of May 1851, the term day was the 21st of May, the weather on which the 24th of May determined what was to be on the 26th of May, and on the 3rd, 11th, and 19th of June, the quarter days respectively of that lunation." This is an important discovery, and shows that the influence of the moon is appreciable, contrary to the generally received opinion, among the learned.

Sir Henry Bulwer is watering at Saratoga. We suppose Sir Henry is a clever fellow enough, and we feel very hospitable toward him, but we would rather he would go back home until we get a better administration—one that he cannot over-reach and twist around his thumb, as he has those of Taylor and Fillmore. It is little wonder our bungling management of foreign affairs, under those "wing dynasties," has rendered us the laughing stock of the world. When democracy have had power the world has laughed on the other side of the mouth.—Ohio Statesman.

A Trifling Mistake.

Some weeks ago we had occasion to journey ashore distance in New Hampshire by stage, after leaving the railroad terminus. It chanced that one Bill P.—a well-known wag and punster of that region was one of the "outsiders," on the way up.

Bill is not a bad man, by any manner of means, but it is also well known that he will "partake," or "indulge," at times, and especially when he is travelling. On this occasion he enjoyed the companionship of a mysterious black bottle, to which he turned his countenance so frequently, en route that he even acknowledged himself, finally, a "little over the hay!" (the night horse, by-the-by, was a bay one, and Bill sat on the left side of the box.)

We were proceeding quietly along, listening to Bill's jokes and draperies, when, on a sudden, the coach came in contact, with a high stone in the road. Bill lost his equilibrium, and tumbled heels over head across the dasher, striking heavily upon the sod.

Bill arose to his feet, dug the gravel from his nostrils and ears, and commenced berating the driver for his carelessness in upsetting the coach, and thus endangering the lives of the passengers.

"What in thunder yer doin'?" said Bill. "You miserable saw—sawney, a nock—ie—ockin' people's brains out in this way?"

The driver informed him that the stage had not been overturned at all, and the passengers assured Bill that Jehu was right.

Our good friend approached the vehicle again, and remounted slowly to his former seat, on the side.

"Didn't upset you say?"

"Not at all," replied the driver.

"Well—ie—if I'd a know'd that," said Bill, "I wouldn't have got off."

And Peter went out and wept Bitterly.

Old Peter Hitchcock, the venerable Peter, the father of Reuben, has been dropped, summarily ostracised from the Universal Whig party. His name no more graces their muster roll. He is a used up man. At present he is Chief Justice of the State, being the oldest Judge on the Supreme Bench, a plain sound, honest and dignified old man. But his name hitherto a beacon light to the party was not mentioned in the late Ballot convention for any office whatever. He was given the go-by, whistled down the wind, and like an old worn-out horse, turned out to die.

Peace to thy manes, old Peter. We remember, once upon a time, the Democratic party being in power at Columbus, dropped this old seething Whig from the Bench, and elected a Democrat to fill his place. Whereupon, his Honor indignant at such treatment, issued his card in the Georgia Freeman, thus:

"Notice.—The undersigned, having been weighed in the balance of Locofocoism and found wanting, I hereby notify all my friends that I have resumed the practice of the law at Chardon," &c.

PETER HITCHCOCK.

If the Chief Justice could not brook such treatment from his political enemies, then what must be the fate of his friends now! And what great sin has this old man committed which should thus bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? We answer—he has denied his master three, and now the cock has crowed.

First—he was in favor of the New Constitution; the Whig leaders were not.

Second—he pronounced the Appropriation fairer than the Whigs would have made had they been in power. This was high treason.

Third—he spoke, wrote and voted for the adoption of the New Constitution at the late election. This was the damning sin of all; and thus three did he deny his would be masters—and the cock has crowed! With-er "Peter has been out and wept," remains to be seen. We are looking anxiously for another card in the Georgia Freeman, saying "weighed in the balance of Whiggery and found wanting!"—Plaindealer.

Addressed to the Ladies.

Mrs. Gage, who has lately partaken of the hospitalities of Governor Wood, in a letter to the Cultivator, thus writes of the Governor's wife and daughters—fit models of imitation for all American ladies:

These ladies work in the garden, train up the vines, weed the beds, tend the borders, and make around a fair land of beauty and luxury. "Why may not you do the same?"

Now, dear girls, you whose homes are situated away from the bustle and confusion of the city—by the babbling brooks, or upon the borders of the forest, or even you who live in more favored places; amidst the comforts of wealth and ease; let me ask you sometimes to think about the wife of our Governor—think of her as one like unto you, cheerfully, carefully. I have heard some of you sometimes say, that such a one was as "proud and stuck up, as if she was the Governor's wife!" Now don't slander the Governor's wife any more—go imitate her quiet domestic virtue—be faithful to your duties, create around an atmosphere of beauty and usefulness—live plain, simple, truthful, earnest lives. Think less of the trimmings of your dress, more of the furniture of your heads and hearts, and more of your yards and gardens. For the sake of those you love best, do this. How can you sons or your brothers grow up coarse and unrefined, if you throw around them a panorama of beauty and harmony? Fill your gardens and yards with fruits and shrubbery—toll the birds to your bowers, and let them sing their merry harmonies at the threshold, and by and you may have a home of your own, each one of you, that will fill the heart of the sojourner within thy gates with happy memories.

Suppose the captain of a steam boat orders the mate to send for port under bare poles, how should he perform the operation?

Answer—"Take a reef in the while tree, let go both horses, and chivy the bar coop!"

Poke it to him.

The Dayton Gazette essays a defence of the Administration from the charge of Absentism. The following paragraph we clip from this defence:

For our part, while we do not believe that Mr. Webster exerted, or intended to exert any influence in the recent New York election at Washington, during the last session of Congress, more than the "verdict" which is believed to exist, detached. He has certainly devoted too much time in making speeches on the "Union," which we could more readily have excused if he had been made in the "infected districts" of South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi, and not in New York and Massachusetts, where a real live disunionist would be a curiosity worthy of Bismarck's attention. Mr. Webster has at least given the *long face press* some grounds for the charge, they are now making, and we are sorry for it.

Bill is not a bad man, by any manner of means, but it is also well known that he will "partake," or "indulge," at times, and especially when he is travelling. On this occasion he enjoyed the companionship of a mysterious black bottle, to which he turned his countenance so frequently, en route that he even acknowledged himself, finally, a "little over the hay!" (the night horse, by-the-by, was a bay one, and Bill sat on the left side of the box.)

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